

# THE LIGHTS ARE GOING UP

ALL over Europe the lights are going up. They are twinkling in the towns and villages of France, in the hamlets and cities of Italy, as the German armies, defeated and decimated, retreat over the hills and across the plains.

Four years ago the lights of Europe went out, and it seemed as if they were to be out for a very long time. Darkness came down as the Germans extended their grip on the life of Europe from Arctic Norway to the Mediterranean Sea. No one could prophesy when the lights would shine again. It was almost a total eclipse with only a ray of light here and there, where some brave, defiant spirit stood up against the embattled hosts of darkness and so lifted the curtain for us to see that all was not entirely blacked out.

THE lights are being lit again across the

Channel, and that news brings a breath of life to men everywhere. No longer does a pall of darkness hang over the Occupied Continent. It has been pierced by the dash and daring of the Allied Forces who by their vigour have brought a renewal of life to the dark lands, who, during these last summer days, have carried across France a torch from which the cheering inhabitants have been able to light again their own lamps of hope and faith. Those lamps, however, never lacked oil or the wick from which the flame might burn. Faith and hope never entirely died in France. Their flame was too bright and steady to be snuffed out for ever.

## The Torch of Deliverance

The light of France begins to shine out now in full splendour. The men of the Maquis are carrying high the torch of deliverance and liberty as they speed victorious from town to town. In secret they have been preparing for this day. Now in the full blaze of the world's admiration they stand forth as true Frenchmen who have helped France to revive her soul.

Disciplined through suffering, purged through humiliation, and restored through faith in herself, France has kindled her light again with a warmth that is restoring hope and confidence in every oppressed land.

THE light of the common man, too, is being lit again in Europe. Four years ago he seemed to be eclipsed by the flood of mechanised armaments which poured over him and crushed his spirit. He seemed of little account in face of the vast battalions arrayed in support of brute force. He shrank away into the growing gloom, and many despaired of ever seeing the light again. But the lights are now going up and all over Europe the men who have never finally despaired or given up the struggle are coming out to hold their torches high.

## The Faith Which Towers Supreme

For this is the true faith which towers supreme over all the shams of pagan faith. It is a faith in the unconquerable soul of man which is bound to rise again. It is the story repeated again and again in history that the final downfall of tyrants is certain, and that any attempt to crush the life of the individual man is bound to fail. Any attempt made to dragoon his spirit and confine it within prison walls is doomed to be destroyed in the day of final decision. For the qualities of man's

life are eternal. They are among those undying things which cannot be crushed by any human power. These years of tyranny in Europe have been a gigantic attempt to unleash and establish forces which would enslave the people of a continent and bend their will to that of alien power. That attempt has failed ignominiously as it was bound to fail because it had joined issue with the unquenchable and undying qualities in the spirit of ordinary men.

## France Resurgent

So the lights are going up again in Europe, and men are walking in the sunshine of thanksgiving and hope. That proud fact coming out in the life of France today is solid proof that a resurgent and awakened France is ready and able to play her part in the reconstituted life of the Continent. An assurance of this has long been hoped for by those who have strained their eyes to catch some light of hope in the darkness. That assurance is of tremendous moment not only in the life of France but in the life of the whole world, for a renewed and restored France means that all the gifts of nation-making—so superbly treasured and freely practised in this central land of Europe—can be drawn upon in the recreation of order and justice throughout the world.

ALL doubts about the soul of France have been dispelled by the almost incredible bravery and fearless valour of the men of the Maquis. They have proved before the eyes of all men that French daring and determination are irrepressible and that the dedication of individual Frenchmen to the cause of their country is as true and enduring as ever. It is such men who make a country, for by the action of individual men a country gains its character and its soul. France again is a great nation because her people have proved themselves great during their long hours of trial.

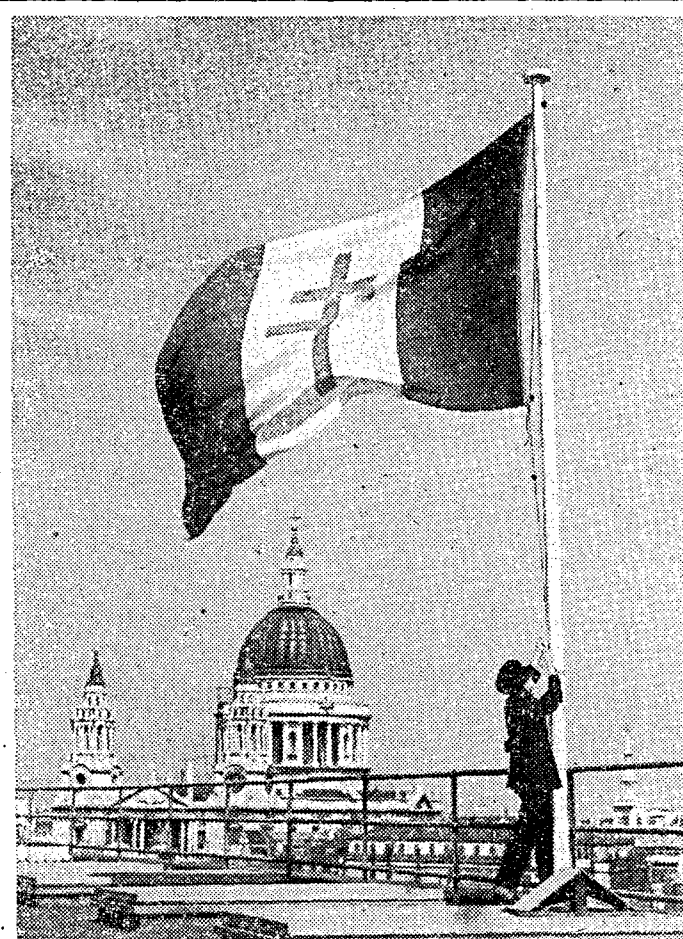
## Fresh Hope For the World

The Maquis have assuredly lit a light in France which cannot be put out. During these dark years a new people have been in the agony of birth, bearing on their bodies the marks of valorous achievement, and in their souls the signs of a spiritual conquest. It is this combination of the physical and the spiritual which shines as the most brilliant light of all, as the lands of France are liberated. Standing erect and confident, France is once again clear-eyed and daring, drawing her reserves of power from a new inner life created within her national soul by years of suffering and privation. France stands again with a sparkling quality of fresh life which came to a people who have seen the face of despair and have lived through the valleys of darkness with only the hope of freedom to inspire their confidence.

THE whole world may now take fresh hope.

Out of a seeming death has come a resurrection created by the faith of simple people who never finally despaired, although betrayed by their rulers; who never collaborated with the conquerors, but silently endured anguish and persecution. Theirs is now the day to hold the torch high and to pass on the new light so that from it the whole of mankind may rekindle its lamps.

CHILDREN'S EVERY TUESDAY 3d  
NEWSPAPER  
POSTAGE Inland 1d Abroad 3d  
No 1329  
FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



## The Flag of Liberty

The flag of Fighting France, emblazoned with the Cross of Lorraine, flies proudly within sight of St Paul's Cathedral.

## THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT STRIKE

WE do not know his name, but we will not forget this story of a gallant Frenchman.

In a certain factory in France workmen were making aeroplanes with a secret alloy. It was so secret that all were searched to the skin when they left their work, and they were permitted to wash with precious soap under the eyes of the Gestapo, to see that no particle of the alloy was smuggled out.

When General de Gaulle spoke from England and called on all Frenchmen to stage a strike for five minutes on Armistice Day, all the workers except one man stopped working. He kept on, to the delight of the Nazis and the fury of his fellow workers, who beat him up so badly that he had to be taken to hospital.

Seven months later a member of the French underground was caught by the Gestapo and, when tortured, he confessed that he had given a piece of the secret metal to a De Gaullist, who had taken it to London. He related how the metal had been

smuggled out of the factory by the very Frenchman who had kept on at his work when all the others had called a sit-down strike!

Profiting by the disorder, he had slipped a piece of the alloy into the sole of his shoe, and the Germans did not bother to search him as he was being taken to hospital. Alas, this brave man was shot eventually.

## The King's Horseshoe

OAKHAM CASTLE has another horseshoe to add to its historic collection. It is from King George.

As mentioned in a recent C.N., when for the first time a peer of the Realm or someone of higher estate visits Oakham, in Rutland, the town demands a horseshoe. There are more than a hundred nailed to the walls of the Great Hall in Oakham Castle.

The King's gilt horseshoe now received, the second he has presented to Oakham Castle, commemorates a recent visit. The other was given when he was Duke of York.



## THE JEWEL THAT IS PARIS

ONLY the news that the enemy had completely surrendered could have brought more joy to the lovers of Liberty than the glad tidings that Paris was once again free.

Paris herself again, her spacious streets and lovely buildings no longer sullied by the presence of the infamous Nazi, her million citizens no more at the mercy of Gestapo tyrant or traitor quisling, her future at long last assured—here was news to brighten the eye and quicken the step of every lover of every noble ideal to which the human heart aspires.

As hour by hour the glad news came to her Allies over the radio, all who recalled the historic shrines that they had visited in almost forgotten holidays and all who had learned to love and admire the French people in their long years of trial felt that here at last was a season for rejoicing though the hour of full liberation had not yet struck.

Few indeed who heard those broadcasts from the Arc de Triomphe, from the Place de la Concorde, and from the very walls of Notre Dame will ever forget the drama there unfolded. General de Gaulle, proud symbol of the French nation, had come to give thanks for a "crowning mercy." Even as he entered the great cathedral he was met by a volley of shots, but he walked on erect and undismayed.

The liberation of their beloved capital was in the main the work of the brave citizens who had never lost faith in their city's destiny.

For four days before the capital was first declared by General Koenig to be free, the gallant 50,000 armed and organised patriots, aided by hundreds of thousands of unarmed citizens defied and fought to the death against their barbarian overlords.

Their stronghold was the Ile de la Cité, that little island which many a time in their age-old history had been the scene of their resistance to an invader.

This island the Frenchman has ever regarded as the heart of his beloved city and country. On it he built, over seven centuries ago, the noble cathedral of Notre Dame. Here stands the Palais de Justice, with, below, the Conciergerie, that ancient prison in which Marie Antoinette, Danton, and Robespierre spent their last hours.

Within the enclosure of the Palais rises Sainte Chapelle, the exquisite 13th-century church built by Saint Louis as a casket

for the gems he brought back from the Crusades, but standing down the centuries as a monument to a king who lifted France to heights sublime. On this island, too, stand the Hotel Dieu, the hospital founded in the seventh century, and the Préfecture de Police which played so striking a part in the desperate battles last month.

Half a score of bridges link the Ile with the great city which down the ages has grown around it, a city of great spaciousness and magnificent vistas, a city of clear air and sunshine, a city which is the lure of every traveller. Along the banks of the Seine stand the Chamber of Deputies, the Hotel de Ville, great Government buildings, and that ancient royal Palace of the Louvre, filled with art treasures without price, the starting point of that long avenue which extends for over two miles to the Arc de Triomphe—the grandest walk in all Europe.

It was beneath this magnificent arch, which displays among its sculptures one of the Volunteers of the Revolution of 1792, that the people of Paris laid to rest that unknown warrior who symbolised all the sacrifices of their heroes during the First World War.

This spot has become holy ground to the people of Paris, more dear to them than all their noble buildings, their lovely parks, their stately boulevards, their graceful bridges, and all those statues which everywhere one turns recall some illustrious son.

But not only to her own citizens is Paris the beloved city, but in the heart of every Frenchman she reigns supreme. Within her boundaries have the battles against tyranny been won, and she has been the leader in all that France has accomplished.

From the capital of France all the great roads and railways radiate, extending beyond the country's boundaries, carrying the gracious influence of Paris far and wide throughout Europe, and bearing to her shrines of art and learning poets, artists, musicians, and thinkers from every land. Paris, it has been truly said, is the Athens of the modern world; her light now rekindled will shine with even greater brilliance in the new world to come.

## From War to Peace

BOTH Britain and America have made agreements with the French Committee of National Liberation about the parts to be played by military and civilian authorities in liberated France.

Mr Eden and M. Massigli, French Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, signed the British terms, while the Americans were in letters exchanged by General Eisenhower and General Koenig.

Both agreements are temporary but essential for mutual confidence between France and her liberators. They deal with the questions of when the civilians may take the place of the soldier;

of the disposal and protection of property, including war material; of the relative value of money; of Allied relief to the French population; and of the tasks the French themselves are to undertake in driving back the Nazis.

The American Government have stressed the importance of their democratic view that General Eisenhower should only recognise the French Committee "so long as they continue to receive the support of the majority of Frenchmen who are fighting for the defeat of Germany." But this condition promises to be fulfilled, so united are all Frenchmen today.

## "Who Dares Wins"

THE collapse of German resistance in large areas of France has been due to the campaign of the Maquis working behind the Nazi lines. They have been admirably helped by a secret British unit of parachutists, having as their regimental motto "Who Dares Wins."

This band of gallants, it is now made known, is the Special Air Service. Created in the desert by two young Commando officers, Lieutenant David Stirling, Scots Guards, and Lieutenant Jock Lewis, Welsh Guards, the unit started with 73 volunteers. In their first operation they lost about half the men taking part, but later operations far behind the German lines were a great success. They used armed jeeps, and secret patrols kept them supplied, sometimes for as long as two months, many miles behind the enemy.

Meanwhile, the SAS was growing, and by September 1942 it was 300 strong, including 30 Frenchmen.

In the invasion of Sicily the SAS were first in the field; and in Italy its fighting men were a source of great trouble to the enemy, smashing planes on his airfields and raiding convoys. A French squadron captured a train, drove it to a concentration camp, overpowered the guards, and returned with the prisoners freed, their guards prisoners!

Now the SAS has added to its laurels by its deeds over a period in France, long before the Armies of Liberation broke through.

## GOEBBELS SEES DANGER AHEAD

FOR years before Hitler let loose his hordes to overrun Europe, production for war was Number One Priority in Germany.

Now, to cover the retreat of his battered armies, production for war is everything in the Fatherland. For Goebbels has issued a list of "do's and don'ts" which, in effect, tells the deluded German public that they have nothing else to live for.

All forms of amusement are to stop, apart from wireless and the films, which are too valuable for propaganda. The only orchestras and bands allowed to continue are those required for broadcasting. Art exhibitions, academies, and art-schools are to close. Newspapers and periodicals are to be reduced by amalgamations and are to have only four pages; in the whole of Germany there will be only two illustrated magazines. Vocational schools, unless required for war purposes, are to close down, and even the much-publicised "Strength Through Joy" welfare service for the troops is suspended.

Goebbels thus hopes to release more workers for war production and the fighting services. But we are afraid the Herr Doktor has seen the danger signal rather too late.

## This Kind World

WHEN General Eisenhower was on his way to Paris, where he made a ceremonial tour to mark the liberation of the capital, he saw a one-armed Frenchman pushing his bike up a steep hill. The Supreme Commander gave orders that the man should be given a lift.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

McGILL University in Canada is to grant a small number of fellowships in medicine for post-graduate training of outstanding Chinese doctors.

Manchester City Council are spending £15,000 on a film designed to show ratepayers how their money is used for the upkeep of the city.

Stonyhurst College, England's chief Roman Catholic public school, has just celebrated its 150th anniversary in this country.

The second son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, born at the end of August, is fifth in the line of succession to the throne.

Mr George Bernard Shaw has announced that he has bequeathed his home at Ayot St Lawrence in Hertfordshire, with two acres of ground, to the National Trust.

MORE than 6000 wounded Americans have been flown to hospital centres in the United States since D Day.

## Liberation News Reel

MORE than 3,750,000 tons of war material from Britain, Canada, and the United States have been sent to Russia by way of the Persian Gulf and the Russo-Persian border.

Fleet Air Arm Barracudas have smashed the largest Japanese cement works outside Japan, at Indarong, near Padang, Sumatra.

Marshal Tito's Yugo-Slav Partisans have captured important chrome mines at Rovani, thereby aggravating Germany's desperate need for this valuable metal.

Allied planes and lorries are rushing hundreds of tons of food to the people of Paris; and in less than a day 500 tons were flown from Britain.

Between June 23 and August 27 the Russians captured 32 German generals.

American bombers have been striking fierce blows at Japanese and Japanese-held islands in the Pacific, including the Bonin group, only 550 miles from Japan, Iwojima, Yap, Truk, and the Philippines.

The liberation of Paris, with its fine airport of Le Bourget, and the capture of Marseilles, will cut down the air journey between England and Italy by over 2000 miles.

Some 25,000 New Zealand airmen have been sent overseas since the beginning of the war.

## Youth News Reel

MANY of the boys at Rossington Modern School, Yorkshire, have been repairing clocks and watches in their science rooms, making a small charge. They have given the whole of their profit, £90, to war charities.

At Swift Current in Saskatchewan Scouts act as escorts each Saturday night for the Miss Canada girls who sell War Savings Stamps in the streets.

When a Southern England church was bombed the local Scouts tunnelled under the debris of the vicarage to regain the register of marriages; they salvaged practically everything from the church.

Rosemary Milner, a 12-year-old schoolgirl, dived three times in an attempt to rescue a mother and her two children from the river at Bolton-le-Sands, Lancashire. She succeeded in saving the mother.

Mine-workers of Great Britain have contributed £342,000 to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, Yorkshire miners heading the list with a total of £80,920.

A grant to improve leprosy conditions in Nigeria at a cost of £258,000 has been approved by the Colonial Secretary.

A British surgeon inserted a piece of rubber from a jeep into a wounded Commando's neck, thus enabling him to breathe while being taken to hospital.

Argentina is sending 100,000 tons of wheat and 5000 tons of meat as a gift to the hungry people of France.

NEARLY 26,000 Anderson and Morrison shelters have been brought by LMS from the Midlands to the London area since the fly-bomb menace began.

The Red Cross have sent 240,000 books for students in prisoner-of-war camps in Germany.

The oldest London evacuee is stated to be Mrs M. Kelly, 105 years, who has been removed to a hospital in Paisley.

In the first six months of this year 15 million tons of military and industrial goods were transported between the United Nations by sea, and a further 11,000 tons went by air.

Over 3600 enemy aircraft were destroyed by the Allied Air Forces during the first 70 days of the campaign in France.

In three months the RAF dropped 10,000 containers of arms and supplies for the Maquis in the Paris region.

When Halifaxes recently attacked the Ruhr it was the first time for more than two years that RAF heavy bombers had made a long-range daylight raid, and the first time they had been escorted all the way to Germany by fighters, RAF Spitfires.

THE new airborne troops command, under Lieutenant-General H. Brereton, US Army, with Lieutenant-General F. A. M. Browning, British Army, as deputy, is to be known as the First Allied Airborne Army; it includes American, British, and Polish soldiers.

In 24 hours the German battleship Tirpitz, hiding in a Norwegian fjord, was twice attacked by British carrier-based aircraft.

In a two-week period during August 92,000 German prisoners were taken by the Allies in North-West France.

At a week-end Scout camp for Patrol Leaders held at Auchengillan, near Glasgow, recently there were about 85 Scouts representing the Allied Scout Associations of Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Britain, the Netherlands, Norway, and Poland.

In their Savings Group the Girls Life Brigade, 3rd Wolverhampton Company, raised £1045 during Salute the Soldier week, making a total of over £6560 since the Group was started.

Scouts at a harvest camp at Long Melford, Suffolk, recently fought a fire, which broke out in a cornfield, until the fire brigade arrived; the boys have worked 1500 hours a week picking beans and peas, lifting potatoes, stooking, and so on.

Eight hundred London Boy Brigaders spent a week in camp at Eton College.



## Doubling the Fish Harvest

A rod and line, with a grass-hopper for bait, used to be the only apparatus of the African fishermen on the shores of Lake Baringo in Kenya. But early last year the British Fishery Control Officer from Kisumu on Lake Victoria came to the Baringo people to show them how to turn their fishing into a large-scale industry, by using nets.

The Baringo Native Council provided money for the scheme. The District Clerk began by training two Africans in the making of Seine fishing nets from

binder-twine. These nets are 400 feet long and 5 feet wide, with a  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch mesh. The net-makers have never had a minute to spare, and, with their productions, the Baringo fishermen have been catching as many as 27,000 fish a month, instead of 10,000 as in the old days.

The fish caught in Lake Baringo find good markets locally. Moreover, special smoke-ovens have been built to "kipper" some of the catch. These smoked fish go in monthly consignments to the markets in Nairobi, nearly 200 miles away.

## A BROKEN LINK

THE demolishing of the last sod-house in a suburb of Christchurch, New Zealand, marks the passing of another link with the early days of the Dominion when either the sod- or cob-house was the prevailing style of building in that town. About 40 sod-houses were built there in 1870.

The difference between a sod-house and a cob-house is that the former is built of sods cut square and laid like bricks to form the walls, while a cob-house is built of clay cemented with tussock.

## YOUNG NIGERIA

UNDER British administration Africans are assuming an ever-increasing share in the conduct of their own affairs, and the training of youth in the ideals of good citizenship is most important.

In Nigeria, the most densely populated of the British Dependencies in Africa, the Boy Scout movement is flourishing. There are 54 Cub Packs, 145 Scout troops, and 23 Rover Crews—a grand total of 3500 members, and the number is increasing every year. The Boys Brigade is also well represented, with 49 Companies, comprising in all 2000 officers and boys. In the Northern Provinces the number of their units has increased since 1938 from two to 27.

The Social Welfare Officer for Nigeria deals with youth work in Lagos, where a Green Triangle club, run entirely by Africans, has been opened for apprentices and boys of school age.

## FOR THE PEACE

THE US Quartermaster Corps have perfected inventions which will make the post-war world a much easier place in which to live. On the market after the war there will be such items as waterproof matches, cereals already mixed with sugar and milk, and therefore only needing the addition of water before consumption, butter that only melts at very high temperatures, midget tin-openers, unbreakable glass, pianos weighing only 150 lbs, cotton pile jackets—warmer than fur—and a powder that sterilises dishes quickly.

## The Food Battle Must Go On

VERY wisely Mr R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, in stating recently the figures of increased food production during the last five years, emphasised that for many years to come we shall need to grow all the food we can. "In five years," he said to the Ulster Farmers Union, "we have increased production of food from our soil by over 70 per cent, while the amount of shipping space saved has been over 120 per cent."

The plough, of course, has been responsible. Actually we have

almost exactly reversed the acreage of arable and permanent grass—a remarkable and significant change.

After the war has ended we cannot just sit back and think our work is over. "Let me say to you," added the Minister, "that the Battle of the Land has only just got into its stride. We shall have to maintain and if possible to increase our tillage; we shall have to increase our milk production; and we shall have to try to build up and improve our livestock."

## ADAHOONILIGII

THE Navajos of Arizona now read the newspaper with their breakfast. Printed in their own language at the Phoenix Indian School, it is called Adahooniligi, meaning "things in the process of occurring."

It is not very long since a way for the Navajo Indian to read Navajo was devised by experts at the Office of Indian Affairs. The result of the experts' labour is "The Navajo Language," which presents the elements of Navajo grammar, together with a dictionary of basic words in Navajo and English.



*Happy Moments at a Nursery School in India*

## AN OCTOGENARIAN AWHEEL

TO commemorate his 81st birthday Mr Charles Cave, an old-age pensioner of Ellesmere Port in Cheshire, cycled 90 miles—from his home to Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, and back.

There he attended a birthday party given by the Autumn Tints Cycling Club. Other birthdays celebrated at the same time were those of its founder, Mr Tom Hughes (78) of Wigan, and Messrs J. Greenwood (70), of Nelson, and A. S. Lord (73) of Rochdale. This singular cycling club, founded in 1924, is open to all cyclists who have the qualifications given in the club's motto: "Fifty, bald, and grey, and able to ride a bike."

Members are not eligible for a birthday celebration until they are 70, although all are invited.

## COINCIDENCE

THERE have been many strange examples of coincidence during this war, but surely one of the most fantastic is the one that befell a leading aircraftman with the RCAF Typhoon wing in Normandy.

A jagged piece of shell-casing landed beside him, and on picking it up he found that it bore his official service number—267504.

## THE GOOD EARL

THE fifth Earl of Mount Edgumbe, who died not long ago in his 79th year, was a typical old English gentleman not only in appearance but in ways.

Cornish folk of the countryside near his Tudor castle at Cotehele by the River Tamar held him in warm regard and affection, for he always had a kind word and smile when he met them. He called at their cottages when they were sick and brought little gifts. He gave them land on which to build village halls. He joined them in their parochial gatherings. A man of stately bearing and bearded, he graced every occasion with dignity.

His servants, many of whom grew old in his service, loved and respected him, for he was the most considerate of employers; and this is proved by his will. The servants, twenty-eight of them, including some retired and others with the Forces, have all been remembered. There are legacies ranging from £50 to £500, and pensions from 10s to 30s a week.

## A Message From Tokyo

THE students at Montebello High School in Los Angeles spend their spare time tuning in to Tokyo.

With a short-wave wireless set they made themselves, they listen to messages broadcast by prisoners of war, transcribe them and pass them on to the men's relatives.

We think our readers will like this letter which a lady in Colorado wrote to the Christian Science Monitor the other day.

"My son has been a prisoner in Tokyo since the fall of

Bataan," she says. "We write to him regularly, but so far have received but two replies and only a few lines. Recently, he broadcast a message asking anyone who heard it to pass it along to his mother, and then he gave my address. In four days I had over a hundred letters, thirty postcards, four telegrams, and four recordings of the message. They included messages from India, Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, and ships in the South-west Pacific.

"As delighted as I was to know that my son was well I could not overlook the thoughtfulness of these individuals the world over who had but one desire, to forward the loving message of a prisoner of war to his mother."

## THE CHIRPY COCKNEY

THERE was an odd sight at a British port the other day.

HMS Rodney had returned from an action off the French coast and the Royal Marines from the ship were marching through the streets. At their head was a small boy, an evacuee from London, wearing shorts and a blue jersey and carrying an enormous Union Jack. He proudly led the Marines for about three miles, much to the amusement of the spectators, and, we imagine, of His Majesty's Jollies!

## FOR CIVILIAN FLIERS

AT weekly sales in New York the American public are being given the opportunity of purchasing surplus aircraft. Between 50 and 80 are being auctioned weekly, and when the present scheme is finished the Government, acting through the Civil Aeronautics Authority, will have sold over 100,000 of these aircraft.

Those at present for sale are chiefly Piper Cubs, but other types of aircraft which have been used in the training of airmen in both the army and the navy are also to be gradually released.

The planes are being bought chiefly by civilian flying schools and other training centres.

## ROADS TO BERLIN

GENERAL EISENHOWER the other day received a welcome gift in France from the Chief of the Map and Survey Section of Shaef. It was a case of 90 maps of all the roads to Germany, covering all areas of the Allied future operations.

The case is of brown calf leather with the general's name embossed in gold lettering on one side. A smaller case presented at the same time is just large enough to carry such maps as may be necessary for the day's operations.

## Riviera Orchestra

A NEW experience greets British soldiers now ranging the Riviera for the first time. On clear nights there is no silence. The air shrills with the chorus of great green grasshoppers, or crickets, as the French call them. They produce, not staccato chirps as ours do, but an unbroken succession of very high-pitched sounds, a smooth, not unmusical chorus, sustained hour after hour by billions of the insects.

Accompanying this grasshopper symphony-on-one-note there is a foundation of sound just as wide-

spread and continuous. "What can this be?" the newcomer asks; "Is it flocks of hoarse-throated goats bleating, or are whole batteries of circular saws at work?" No stranger would guess. The almost incredible uproar is the croaking of enormous hosts of invisible frogs!

Frogs with their harsh loud bass, grasshoppers shrilling like myriads of piccolos all sounding their top notes—these are the orchestra sounding over the tideless sea beneath stars seemingly so big as to appear bright children of the moon.



September 9, 1944

The Children



### Harvest Days

Landgirls in Hertfordshire at work with a combine harvesting machine which completes operations from cutting to threshing the grain

## LITTLE FOLK FROM MANY LANDS

A TRULY international band of little people is doing a splendid war job, raising money for many deserving charities.

The little folk belong to Mrs Stewart MacDougall, a Canadian lady; they are dolls collected by her in the course of many years during her world travels, and there is probably no finer collection to be seen anywhere.

The collection was shown during July at Binns in Edinburgh, where it brought in £400 for blinded Service men, the British Sailors Society, and the Y.M.C.A. And that is typical of what they have done elsewhere.

The happy company will continue their travels throughout Scotland in aid of the many charitable appeals Mrs MacDougall is constantly receiving.

Mrs MacDougall has travelled from end to end of Britain, raising money for all sorts of deserving causes; and incidentally delighting hundreds of thousands of little girls and a lot of not-so-little girls. The dolls are of all sorts of size and shape, in all sorts of material, from crude rubber to banana pith. There are British dolls of yesterday and

today; there is Mary, of New York, who has travelled 86,000 miles as a ship's mascot, and who is to be returned to her owners to make a triumphal entry into Tokyo with them.

A wartime doll sent from China recently shows that even the Japanese occupation has not prevented the Chinese girls from making dolls. This one has four black woolly pigtails. Others, collection pieces, include Burmese puppets and Indo-Chinese theatrical models. Dolls made from Nile mud, from sugar-cane pith (Batavia), from horsehair (Chile), from sponge and shell (West Indies and Barbados), coconut fibre (the Everglades)—all show the range of doll-making materials as well as the distinctive work done by native producers. For sheer ingenuity and beauty it would be difficult, however, to rival the Polish dolls made from cut paper in which the most intricate and minute designs are reproduced.

Only when Victory is declared will Mrs MacDougall and the dolls have a well-earned holiday. Then the dolls will go their ways, the best of them to museums.

### From Peril to Peril

Two friends of the C.N., mother and daughter, have recently become voluntary evacuees from their home in a bomb-infested area.

The quiet of their first country night in the calm and security of the second storey of a hotel was disturbed by sounds that alarmed the older lady. "What's that—bombs?" she anxiously inquired, sitting up in bed. "Bombs! No, mother," laughed her daughter, truthfully adding, "that is some young caged lions

at the local zoo having their first practice roar." Her mother almost leapt from her bed. "Lions!" she exclaimed in horror. "Good gracious, they may attack us at any moment; close the window instantly!"

Although the daughter made plain the unlikelihood of young lions leaving their den to scale the outer walls of a lofty hotel, the window was closed until daylight and courage returned to dispel the fears of the more imaginative evacuee.

## SCOUT TRAINING FOR INDUSTRY

A CORRESPONDENT in The Times directs attention to an interesting training experiment in industry carried out by Newton, Chambers, and Company, of Thorncliffe, Sheffield. This scheme owes much to the vision and initiative of Mr H. E. G. West, the managing director, and his efficient staff of Scout-trained men. In fact, he bases his methods on the experiences he has gained in the Scout movement. If, he says, we can bring into the everyday lives of the boys the training that was devised by Baden-Powell, we can inspire them with a sense of vocation which will make the daily work as creative and thrilling as the game of Scouting.

The formal object of the scheme is to give boys and girls a full and fair chance of becoming useful citizens. They are given an aim and purpose to inspire them to personal achievement; to inculcate a clean spirit; to impress them with the dignity of vocation.

A visit to Thorncliffe, says this correspondent, shows how skilfully the young apprentice is appealed to in brightly-painted schools. Pictures on the walls direct the boys' minds to the wider world and the part played in it by the product of their labour.

The works college is formed of a number of training centres which are preparing young people for service in commerce, engineering, mining, welding, and foundry practice. Everyone accepted receives a month's full-time pre-entry training. During the first week the recruit is encouraged to take his meals with his team, and given a free lunch; after the first week the lunch costs him 6d. In all details of the training the prevailing appeal is to the imagination. The boys are helped to understand the plan behind the industry. Vocational education in this excellent scheme appears in a warm, human light.

### Golden Crops

NEAR the village of Chipperfield, Hertfordshire, a new rural industry based on sunflower seed is being started. Today eight acres of Bulstrode Farm are golden with sunflowers in full bloom, and other farms have raised crops up to ten or twelve acres, making a total of 120 acres this year.

Mr G. Music, the chairman of Sunflower Seed, Limited, is inviting local farmers to visit Bulstrode Farm on September 17, to see the machinery in operation. It is hoped to secure larger acreages.

In Russia, sunflowers have been a profitable crop for centuries past. The oil secured is considered equal to olive oil or almond oil for table use. It can also be used in the margarine trade and in fish-frying. It is said that no part of the crop need be wasted. In Russia the husks are largely used for domestic heating.

Mr Music, who is Russian born, is familiar with the Russian methods and hopes for great success at Bulstrode.

## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### The Homeward Road

THRILLING for us all are these days of liberation, but can we at home imagine the exhilaration of those fighting men for whom the triumphal progress across France means the Road to Home?

For side by side with the Americans, British, and Canadians, and the thousands of Frenchmen whose long exile is now ended, or almost ended, are the Belgians, the Dutch, and the Poles, who are on the way back to their native soil.

It is a long, long road they have travelled in their years of exile, and though the last few miles may be hard they can say with Wordsworth, slightly adapted:

*Each step hath its value while  
homeward we move;  
O joy, when the vista of homeland  
appears!*

### Dutch Wisdom and Dutch Justice

THE Dutch Government last month issued a Decree laying down general principles for the administration of the Netherlands during the transition period until elections can be held.

Broadcasting on post-liberation matters the new Dutch Minister of Justice, Dr van Heuven Goldhard, spoke thus of traitors:

"The settling of the country's accounts with these people you can safely leave to Dutch justice, which, as our Constitution wills it, 'does not draw anyone away from the judge whom the law giveth unto him,' but will hear, sentence, and execute the traitors according to law and justice without the aid of any Hatchet Day or Bartholomew Night."

### JUST AN IDEA

*Going to meet trouble half-way  
is the most wasteful journey in the  
world.*

## CARRY ON

### Akin to Human Things

IN all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-light wings,  
Teaching us that by the most persuasive reasons  
How kin they are to human things.  
And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand,  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land. *Longfellow*

### THE FRUITFUL WORD

NOTHING dies, nothing can die;  
the idlest word thou speakest  
is a seed cast into Time and will  
bring forth fruit to all eternity.

*Carlyle*

## HOLIDAYS OF

A WOMAN who once imagined that holidays were not worthy of the name unless they were spent on some Continental playground has made a glad discovery.

She is a busy woman and needs an annual break, but not until this year has she had a wartime holiday, finding all the essentials near her own doorstep! She just crept away to the breezy uplands and a tiny cottage set in the heart of the moors. There, for a fortnight, she lived the life of a moorman's wife—up and to bed by the sun, rough wholesome food, hard tramping on the heath, and lending a hand in the fields.

Holidays over, she has come back to town with a new light in her eyes, ready for any responsibility, feeling that the change has done a world of good to mind and body.

Scores of other people, patriotic-minded or forced by circumstance to spend holidays of the make-do variety, have made similar discoveries and become all the better for them. Some have "discovered" their own neighbourhood—the charm and beauty of old-world villages and hamlets, the lore of historic places, and the secrets of hill

## Under the E

AN Englishman in the United States was struck by that very popular dish the sugar corn. Evidently he wasn't very popular.

AMERICANS have discovered how to make wrinkle-proof suits. Will they give us the wrinkle?

LITTLE people are often boastful. Talk big.

WHEN Covent Garden becomes an opera house there will be no boxes. But still a box office.

PETER WAN KN



If Hicle in the gone

## The Need Fo

LET your speech be true: never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. It is a great sin against God, that gave you a tongue to speak your mind, and not to speak a lie. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides

### Life's Sweetest Things

THE best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but take life's common work as it comes, certain that daily bread and daily work are the sweetest things in life. *John Gill*



## DISCOVERY

and dale. Some have gained fresh knowledge by going "back to the land." Toiling in the fields, they have learned to love and understand country folk and life on the good brown earth.

Some have experienced the joys of the simple life—the open road, the field-paths and by-ways, the sunshine, the wind on the heath and the smell of the wood fire by the stream.

These holidays of the war years have been great days of discovery. The stay-at-homes have discovered the land they thought they knew all about!

## Forged in the Fire of Battle

In thanking the U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, Mr. Averill Harriman, for awards to members of the Soviet Forces, Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, said:

THIS was forced upon our people by Hitler and the criminal Fascist Government. But from the fire of battle came the foundation of a friendship between the Soviet Union, the U.S. and other democratic nations, which will result in the destruction of our common enemy and will make possible the creation of a lasting peace.

## Editor's Table

**PUCK** A MAN says he cannot understand what people see in a mystery story. It remains a mystery to him.

**LAUNDRY** work is speeding up. Even the colours run.

**THE** Portuguese are to let us have over a million tins of fish. They can.

**A POSTMAN** who thinks he works too hard is going to put his foot down. Will give a postage stamp.

## Truthfulness

the base disreputation it casts upon him, it doth in time bring a man to that baseness of mind, that he can scarce tell how to tell truth or to avoid lying, even when he hath no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as another man cannot believe he tells a truth, so he himself scarce knows when he tells a lie.

Sir Matthew Hale

## COUNT TIME BY HEART THROBS

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best

Philip James Bailey

## The Wiser Course

As was feared by many enthusiastic supporters of the Education Bill, it has been found impossible to provide school places and teachers for the education of the children it was hoped to keep at school by raising the leaving age to 15 on April 1, 1945. The Minister of Education has been compelled to postpone this change to the year 1946.

Mr Butler makes this announcement with obvious reluctance, and we note with pleasure that his first circular to education authorities points out that the first steps to prepare for the application of the Act as from April 1 next will be speeded up by what he describes as "great exertions to convert the Act into a living force."

## STAGE DOOR CANTEN

LONDON has a new social centre, and a very friendly place it is likely to be.

It is The Stage Door Canteen in Piccadilly, for non-commissioned ranks in the forces of the Allied Nations. Here, thanks to the generous help of Mr Arthur Rank, Lord Nuffield, many people prominent on stage and screen, and a host of other good folk, excellent stage entertainment, dancing, and snack refreshments—but no alcoholic drinks—will be enjoyed in comfortable surroundings.

The building was, before the war, the old Popular Café, known to Londoners as The Pop. We imagine the new Pop will out rival the Pub in the affections of the Allied Services!

## For Young Writers

GOOD writing . . . must spring from a desire to say something; it must proceed with a superabundance rather than with a dearth of something to say, and it must have within itself a clear purpose other than that of fulfilling an imposed task.

From the Norwood Report

## Fellow-Workers

As through the world I make my way  
And face my share of toil each day,  
How wonderful it is to be  
A fellow-worker, Lord, with Thee!

When all my efforts seem to fail  
And weeping is of no avail,  
How comforted I feel to be  
A fellow-worker, Lord, with Thee!

So should success my striving crown  
Or disappointment cast me down,  
Grant that myself I ever see  
As fellow-worker, Lord, with Thee!

David Effaye.

## Have These on Your Side

THERE are three things which I would not have for the world against me; My own conscience; the Word of God; the prayers of good people.

Philip Henry

## GENIUS ON THE ROAD

WE are now permitted to state that damage has been caused by a flying bomb to the old home of Dr Johnson, in Gough Square, Fleet Street, known to thousands of pilgrims from English-speaking lands.

Here Dr Johnson completed the bulk of his great Dictionary, but in that work none of his definitions of *bomb* foreshadows the hideous ingenuity of the missile that half-wrecked the famous little house. Were he alive the Doctor would be fuming over another sort of bombshell.

A writer of repute has recently written of Dr Johnson and David Garrick as "boyhood friends." The two "boys" were actually schoolmaster and pupil respectively, Garrick, of course, being the young student. They left the school together, making their way in company to London, where Garrick, intended for commerce or the Law, was to make a fortune on the stage, and the Doctor to win immortality by his writings and incomparable conversation.

Describing that journey in later years, Johnson declared that at the time he had but twopence-halfpenny in his pocket. "Eh, what do you say?" Garrick broke in. "Why, yes," answered his former master, "when I had but twopence-halfpenny in my pocket and thou, Davy, but three-halfpence in thine!" That was the Doctor in playful mood.

To have spoken to him of Garrick as his boyhood's friend would have been as offensive to him as the bomb that has now blasted his ancient dwelling.

## Wooden-Soled Sandals Are Popular

BOOT-AND-SHOE traders say that the wooden-soled sandals which are helping to ease out our leather shortage are popular with women because the uppers are made so attractively. There is indeed not much "upper" about them, for they are cut into such a light trellis-work, in accordance with recent shoe fashions, that they present no leather-supply problem.

Strangely enough, the wooden-soled shoe, which also has an attractive upper, is far from being popular. Women do not like it; they say it makes walking hard and wearisome. North-country factory women, who are accustomed to clogs, like the new shoes better, but they do not appeal to women in the south. Perhaps the wooden soles have been cut too heavily.

The sandals, however, are very light, and even when the war is over, and there is plenty of leather once again, we predict a brisk market for them as indoor and holiday footwear. They may even lead to a revival of the quaint pattens which were once so generally worn by the mass of working women that the Patten-makers' Company had its own church in London. St Margaret Pattens, fortunately spared, still stands in much-blitzed Eastcheap to remind us of those days of old, and keeps two pairs of antique pattens on view within its walls.

## The Mayflower Spirit Lives Today

MEN of America, whose ancestors sailed in the Mayflower from England 324 years ago this week, have this summer set their names to a new Mayflower compact.

As their forefathers neared the shores of the new land they gathered together in the little cabin of the Mayflower and signed a solemn compact and covenant. In the light of swinging tallow lamps the Pilgrim Fathers wrote the first document which laid the freedom of the new world they were approaching. Their descendants, in the midst of the greatest attack on freedom in man's history, have been meeting this summer to assert their belief in the freedom their fathers crossed the ocean to find. Like Pilgrim Fathers the modern Mayflower men, the Congregationalists of U.S.A., "solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one another covenant and combine" themselves together. The Fathers combined together in a "Civil Body Politic for our better ordering and preservation." The modern Fathers pledge themselves "to work for a just and co-operative world order."

Between the two Mayflower compacts lies the stretch of the centuries. The little group which landed in New England were the founders of the great nation today fighting to make the future of liberty sure for all men. So it is appropriate that their descendants should join together "to work for a just and co-operative world order," and to "pray that our nation shall help to establish an international organisation for the better ordering of the independent life of nations, the preservation of peace with justice and the furtherance of the general good of all peoples."

The modern Mayflower compact says that it looks for a "just and righteous order." Our new way of life must be one of justice in which men of all races find honourable treatment before the law; an order in which the tyrant and the bully shall not hold sway. These Mayflower men are pledged to work for this achievement so that the ideals their fathers established in the new world shall apply to all the world.

The modern Mayflower men

also state that they are building for a righteous order. Like the men of the old Mayflower they believe that the final foundations of human life are religious. They know that a lasting friendship between the world's peoples must be based upon a common belief in God and in the practising of the Christian religion. The old Mayflower men first of all built churches to the glory of God, and they have handed down the belief that life without faith cannot be righteous or lasting. The modern Mayflower men wish their country to become an example of a righteous order, and to translate their ideals into world affairs so that a righteous world order may be set up which all may share.

It may seem that the modern Mayflower men are dreamers of dreams. So were their fathers, who ventured out into the unknown fortified by their own sturdy faith and a confident belief in the future. That same spirit animates their modern sons. The Mayflower men of 1620 created a new world out of one continent. The Mayflower men of 1944 may well lead in the creation of a new world out of an old world which is in chaos. A just and co-operative world order will remain a dream unless men in every country have the same faith as that of the Mayflower men—a faith accompanied by resolute actions.

## THE COST OF LIVING

THE Labour Gazette shows that on August 1 the cost of living was 102 points above the living of July 1914. For food alone the August index figure was 70 points above July 1914.

The new figures mean an increase of slightly over 30 per cent above the level of September 1939. The rise on August 1 was mainly due to the general increase in the retail price of coal. Apart from coal, the chief changes during the month were slight increases in the prices of potatoes and some articles of clothing.



THIS ENGLAND

The way to the farm—a pastoral scene in the Ribble Valley, Lancashire



## HOME FROM SEA

ALAIN GERBAULT has made his last lone voyage in this troubled old world. The Frenchman who sailed the seas alone, far away from men and cities, will sail no more. And the news of his death is as colourful as was his life.

The world had grown used to having no news of Alain Gerbault, perhaps for two years, but it awoke with surprise recently to learn that he had passed away nearly three years ago. Alain Gerbault, whose name had so often been on the front pages of our newspapers, died of fever unnoticed at Dilli, the capital of Portuguese Timor, on the day before the Allies landed there, December 16, 1941. Down in the harbour his 30-foot yacht, that had ridden triumphant through many a mighty ocean storm, had lain neglected until one day it had been destroyed by a bomb.

Time and time again we have told of Alain Gerbault, once-famous international tennis player, who sometimes, turning from a world that was too much with him, would set sail in the Firecrest to go a-voyaging far and away across the seas. We would give news of him, perchance, leaving Marseilles for a journey of many thousands of miles, or arriving safely in the Marquesas in the Pacific, mooring the Firecrest in a great swell, and swimming ashore. The natives would receive him hospitably, and he would spend a month or two surf-riding by day, or exploring the valleys with the little brown children he loved so well, and swimming back to his yacht at night. Then he would be off again.

Alain Gerbault would come back to Europe and watch his

compatriots, Borotra and Cochet, defend the Davis Cup, for he never lost interest in the game in which he himself had been so great a master. Then the eternal call of the sea would prove too strong for him, and off he would go in the Firecrest, piloting her single-handed across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, and thence over the Pacific.

Journeying always to the islands of his dreams, Alain Gerbault was a happy man, scorning luxuries, and living on a simple diet of porridge, rice, and peas. Like a seagull, he would leave one place and turn up in the next.

The story is told of him that once when he was sailing in the Pacific he landed at one friendly palm-fringed isle, and was asked by the natives to be their king. It must have been a tempting offer; but Alain Gerbault was not the man to stay in one place for long—even as a king.

Such adventures he had, and such a way with him in setting them down, that his books rapidly became best sellers; but though he could write fine books, he found his greatest thrill in sailing his boat, the brave little Firecrest, threading his way through the islands of the Pacific, and, in his eyes, ever the forward look. Now he is gone. The courageous modern mariner who went forth in search of adventure, and found it everywhere in the Seven Seas.

## Heir to a Great Tradition

*The Londoner, by Dorothy Nicholson (Collins, 4s 6d).*

THE age-old tale of London and her people is an oft-told tale, but this book—one of that excellent series called Britain in Pictures—nevertheless brings to its subject the freshness and charm of a spring morning in St James's Park.

Lady Nicholson, in rather breathless but delightful prose, reveals the Londoner's character against the background of his long history and proud traditions. She confesses at once that "the Londoner is hard to know and harder still to define," but she does somehow manage to capture the reflection of his ten thousand facets and mould them into one splendid, coherent whole.

Just as London is a collection of little worlds rather than a single city, so is the Londoner a collection of widely-differing types. Lady Nicholson has a word for many of them—and a good word. In necessarily small compass she writes of the Londoner's outstanding qualities—his fine craftsmanship, his great patience, his philosophy, his love of sport, and his big heart, big as his own city; and she traces the Londoner's evolution from the time of Alfred the Great down to our own time—from the days when the walls of London were rebuilt after its recapture from the Danes to the days when walls of London were being knocked down again by German bombs, leaving its citizens "tried again, and not found wanting."

The pictures (eight of them are in colour and all are beautifully reproduced) have been selected with great skill; and they set the seal on a book of infinite charm—a book that is a splendid tribute to the splendid, indomitable spirit of the Londoner.

## WAR ON WASPS AND FLIES

THE common housefly and the wasp are a problem in many households this year, for many of the means of control are limited owing to the war. The Ministry of Supply, for example, has ruled against the use of derris powder for the destruction of wasps. Success in destroying wasps' nests is reported by Mr R. T. Leiper, of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine and Institute of Agricultural Parasitology, of Winches Farm, St Albans. Mr Leiper says that 33 nests have been eliminated on their 33 acres by pouring a dessert-spoonful of either Carbon disulphide or Carbon tetrachloride into the nests and covering them with wet turf.

As to the fly nuisance, many people advocate this simple remedy. It is to fill half a dozen vases with common garden mint and place them about the house.

Captain W. E. Scott-Hall, of Donhead Saint Andrew, Dorset, says that he gave this method a trial and now always uses it, adding some sprays of fennel to the mint. Flies, he says, cannot endure the smell, and if they enter the house very soon disappear.



### News!

Soldiers engaged in road construction in Normandy eagerly scan newspapers thrown to them from a passing lorry.

## BUSY TOWNS BEYOND THE URALS

IF anything could add to Hitler's fury at the fate which now confronts him, it must be the news that beyond the Ural Mountains and in the heart of Siberia the war (and peace) industries of Soviet Russia are developing at a more furious pace than ever.

It was here that Russia rebuilt her damaged strength and forged the weapons of future victory even while the Huns were hammering outside the gates of Moscow. Today, with vast Red Armies surging up to the threshold of Eastern Germany, the new industrial cities of the Urals and Siberia, and the older cities enlarged and revived, pulsate with restless energy.

Magnitogorsk, new steel city under the lee of its Iron Mountain, is packed with evacuees from the ravaged West. But there is work and food for all, and sufficient shelter and transport; and new homes, street cars, roads, theatres, kinemas, and restaurants are promised for the immediate future, once the Hun has been put where he belongs.

Omsk, one of the few towns of

old-time Siberia, never grew beyond the condition of an immense village in Tsarist days, so far as civilised conditions for its masses were concerned. Today Omsk, grown immensely in size and importance, and also packed-out with evacuees and imported workers, has wartime difficulties unknown before. The housing shortage, for example, is so great that nine brickyards, turning out 86 million bricks a year, cannot catch up with the housing shortage. Transport and water supply are both awkward problems, but they have been less troublesome since the war began.

Perhaps the most amazing progress is to be found at Novosibirsk, which now has three-quarters of a million inhabitants, as opposed to 100,000 less than ten years ago. Imagine the problems here. Yet it seems that Novosibirsk, with fine, wide, new streets and a splendid opera-house, is rapidly becoming one of the greatest cities in the USSR.

These cities, made great in war, will become greater yet in the days of peace to come.

## The Houses that Glasgow Builds

THE Housing Committee of Glasgow has not a high opinion of the Portal house, but this does not mean that pre-fabricated houses will be shunned by the Corporation. The Times correspondent at Glasgow says that three alternative types of pre-fabricated houses have been the subject of experiment, all of them local products.

The Municipal Housing Department have set their architects to design an attractive concrete house having a local appeal; the pre-fabricated concrete slabs and sections of which it is composed are made from slag from the local steel works. Experimental houses have already been erected in the city.

Designed as permanent dwellings they cost rather less than stone or brick-built houses, and the Housing Department believe that they can be assembled as quickly as the Portal house. The Scottish Department of Health have approved the material and design, and Glasgow Corporation is now seeking power to erect a factory to make the slabs and

sections. It is claimed that this factory will be able to turn out at least 2000 houses a year. This form of activity is intended to be additional to the normal output of houses.

The local steel works are offering Glasgow the choice of two types of steel houses, each intended as a permanent structure.

Glasgow has had experience of the Atholl steel house, which was sponsored by the Duke of Atholl after the last war. Many of these have been in occupation for 20 years, and are still said to be habitable and desirable. An improved Atholl house is now being made. The Weir steel house has been also familiar in many parts of Scotland since the last war, and Lord Weir has now designed a more modern dwelling, of bungalow type, based on previous experience.

Glasgow's programme of building is designed to erect at least 50,000 houses in the next ten years, but over 100,000 will be urgently required to deal with slum clearance, overcrowding, and the demands of newly-wed couples.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### The Conceited Kitten

THERE was once a kitten named Jane,  
Who was so conceited, though plain,  
That she fell in a lake  
Which she thought by mistake  
Was a looking-glass—wasn't she vain?

### The Apple Tree

A FARMER had in his orchard an apple tree that bore very fine fruit, and every year he used to give his landlord some of the apples.

This did not satisfy the landlord, and he decided to take the tree. So he had it dug up and planted in his own garden.

The change, however, made the tree wither, so that it gave

no more fruit, and in a very short time it died.  
*Greedy people often lose everything.*

### RIDDLE

WHEN does a child not take after his parents?  
*When the parents leave nothing for him to take.*

### A CHILD'S PRAYER

MAKE me grow like some strong tree  
Ever stretching up to Thee.  
Make my heart as warm with love  
As Thy great, glorious sun above.  
May I be as clean in mind  
As any rain-drenched April wind.  
Teach me to forget my frowns  
And learn to smile through ups and downs.  
Make me shine like some bright star  
Where'er I wander—near or far.  
Grace Bingham

### WHEN SEPTEMBER BREEZES BLOW





## AT THE SOUTH-EAST GATE

THE romantic name Transylvania is today prominent in the news. The prospect of the return of this beautiful country to their domain was perhaps the chief factor in the eagerness of the people of Rumania to join the Allied Nations.

A day or two after the second and third Ukrainian Armies had captured Jassy, Rumania overthrew its pro-Nazi government. The young King Michael broadcast a proclamation on the Bucharest radio accepting Soviet peace terms and declaring that Rumania would take her fate into her own hands and fight with the United Nations against the enemy.

The Rumanian forces in their thousands laid down their arms or turned them with effect against their former allies, who retaliated by bombing Bucharest. This dramatic change enabled the Red Armies to sweep all before them, opening as it did a way round the mountains to Germany's inner fortress.

It was at this hour, too, that Bulgaria, whose northern boundary marches with Rumania, decided to break free from Nazi bonds. Her government sent proposals of peace to Britain and the U.S. and proceeded to withdraw from Greece and Yugoslavia the troops who had been helping the Nazis in their cruel work of oppression.

That Bulgaria's last-minute repentance will enable her to retain the Dobruja, transferred to her from Rumania by Nazi decree, is unlikely; but it seems certain that Rumania will regain possession of Transylvania.

In the past Transylvania has had a very chequered existence, chiefly owing to the unfortunate fact that it is inhabited by two very different races, the Rumanians, who number about 1,500,000, and the Hungarians

and their kin, the Zeglers, who together number nearly a million. There are also 250,000 Saxons, settled here in the 12th century, and 50,000 gipsies.

The country is surrounded by mountains, but broken up into valleys which in places broaden into fertile plains; the central plain is 60 miles long and 50 broad. About one-third of Transylvania is rich forest land, and one-sixth is unproductive soil, but the rest is very fertile country producing maize and other grains, and fruits in abundance. Excellent cattle and horses are raised on the rich pasture lands, while sheep abound in the mountains.

Transylvania was transferred from Hungary to Rumania at the end of the last great war and the Rumanian Government at once broke up the big estates owned by the Hungarians into small farms and holdings, as they had already done in their own country. Compensation was paid to the original owners, but there was much dissatisfaction.

When, therefore, the Axis powers wished to entice Hungary to help them they met at Vienna on August 30, 1940, and ceded to their vassal 17,370 square miles of Transylvania. Antonescu, the Rumanian dictator, was promised compensation in the Ukraine, but the unhappy peasants and their friends to the south across the mountains hated the monstrous bargain. We can imagine, therefore, the joy with which they heard in the Royal broadcast the words: The Vienna award is rejected.

## The March to Kandahar

WE are indebted to Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Balfour Paul, D.S.O., Marchmont Herald of the Lyon Court in Edinburgh, and to Sir Ian Hamilton for the welcome news of other surviving soldiers who took part in The March to Kandahar described in a recent C.N.

One is General Granville Egerton, C.B., who marched with his regiment, the 72nd Highlanders, as a young man of 21. Severely wounded he was mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the medal with two clasps and star.

Another is Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., of the Indian Army, who was on the staff of Lord Roberts, was wounded, and received the medal with four clasps and star.

Other survivors are Colour-Sergeant Anderson, of the Gordon Highlanders, who is over 90 and lives at the Naval and Military Veterans Residence in Edinburgh; 86-year-old John McIntosh of Perth; and 91-year-old John Hunter of Paisley.

Another C.N. friend writes to us of J. Stevens, of South Creake, in Norfolk. Mr Stevens served in the 9th Lancers and now, at 89, still works on his allotment and has a remarkable memory concerning details of his service in India and Afghanistan.

As to that old friend of the C.N., Sir Ian Hamilton, he was prevented by fever from setting out on the march with his Gordon Highlanders, but he recovered in time to join them in the actual Battle of Kandahar, the medal with two clasps being awarded to him.

## Prisoners as Co-operators

It is stated that over 60,000 Italian prisoners-of-war in this country have taken advantage of the British Government's invitation to become volunteers in the common war effort. Known as "co-operators," they are formed into units organised on a military basis, staffed mainly by Italian officers and N.C.Os.

At first the prisoners were allowed only a limited freedom of movement and a few minor concessions. This is to be changed. The co-operators are to be permitted to talk to members of the public, and to visit private houses if invited to do so. They may now exchange part of their pay into sterling to enable them to buy in local shops. At the discretion of the officer commanding, they may visit cinemas, though they will not be allowed to enter public-houses nor may they use public vehicles except on duty. They will have permission to write two airgraph letters a month to their families in Italy at service postage rates.

There are 6000 of these co-operators employed on maintenance work on the British railways, and 2000 have so far been placed with the Air Ministry for work of national importance. Many others are doing valuable work under the War Department; and in many cases they have taken the place of British pioneer units. The Ministries of Agriculture, Supply, Food, Fuel and Power, and Works are also making good use of Italian co-operator labour.

## MILTON'S RIVAL

MERELY to be remembered with respect three centuries after death is at any rate a minor degree of fame. Such fame is that of Francis Quarles, the poet, the 300th anniversary of whose death falls on September 8.

Students of English Letters think of Quarles with a sigh and a smile. The sigh is occasioned by his sad end, the smile by the fact that his 17th-century reputation has been declared a cause of Milton's early unpopularity as a poetic genius.

A Romford man, Quarles was of ancient stock, and his father served Queen Elizabeth in various offices about the Court. Following his Cambridge University career Francis studied law in London, and comes home to our hearts by venturing to sell his legal robe in order to buy a lute-case. But while loving music, he felt that his proper study was religion, which he sought to serve with a poet's pen. An immense adventure, however, interposed between the formation of the wish and its realisation.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James the First, having married Frederick the Fifth, she went with him, in 1619, to share the throne of Bohemia, and Quarles accompanied her as cup-bearer. We have no record of his doings, but he was a witness of the expulsion of his royal master and mistress and of the dire events that opened the terrible Thirty Years' War. Their exile and poverty left him no alternative but to return home, and it was about 1620, when he was 28, that he settled down in London to the writing of religious poetry, much of it rhymed versions of parts of the Bible. This brought him the friendship of Archbishop Ussher, who carried him off to Ireland as private secretary. Back again in London, Quarles confined himself to

the composition of writings, chiefly religious, and mainly in verse. Much of them, with their intricate word-play, is unreadable now, but here and there true genius flashes bright. It is by extracts that we remember him. Perhaps nothing he wrote is more famous than the lines:

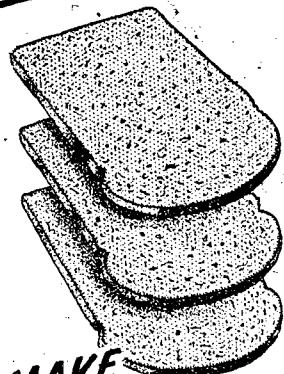
*My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;  
Judge not the play before the play is done;  
Her plot hath many changes;  
every day  
Speaks a new scene; the last act  
crowns the play.*

In our present hours of triumph do we not recall how such a thought and such a hope animated and sustained us in the agonies of Hitler's fell progress four years ago?

The contest between Charles and Parliament converted the quiet singer of sacred minstrelsy into an angry politician. Three pamphlets from his pen, strident with abuse of Cromwell and his invincible host, caused his house to be searched, his papers burnt, and himself named in a vehement petition to Parliament. The calamity, we are told, brought him to the grave, which received him, the record says, as "a pauper."

His fame as a poet grew great for a time after his death, and temporarily overshadowed that of Milton. With the inevitable reaction, the wits, generation after generation, ridiculed poor Quarles. He survives their gibes; quotations from his poetry have their place in our literature in unchallengeable security.

THIN SLICES



HÖVIS  
go further!

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT  
Macclesfield

Coughing kept him  
awake ~~until~~



instant relief and sound sleep followed a dose of 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup. This splendid remedy gets to grips with rasping, tearing coughs, eases chest, throat and lungs, soothes and heals inflamed air passages, and hastens recovery. Only half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' Honey Cough Syrup will check a cough immediately. 1/9, including Purchase Tax. Good for grown-ups too!

**'Pineate'**  
HONEY  
COUGH-SYRUP

*Famous for writing!*

The GILLOTT range of writing pens is the finest in the world, unequalled for variety... unsurpassed for quality. At present supplies may be limited, but the GILLOTT tradition of excellence persists.

By appointment to the late King George V.

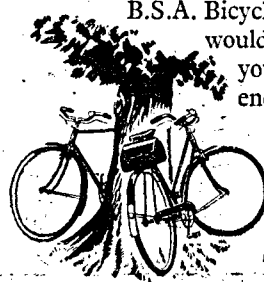
**Gillott's Pens**

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD.  
VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM 1

## ROUND THE WORLD WITH BSA

No. 2

Can you imagine what modern transport means in a country of vast distances like Australia? Think of the middle of the last century when horses were the settlers' only link with civilisation. Ideal circumstances, these, for Ned Kelly and his gang of Bushrangers to begin their reign of terror which lasted until June, 1880, when they were rounded up in Victoria. The gang were given a chance to surrender but when they refused the building was fired. Three perished in the fire, two were shot and Ned Kelly was wounded and captured. In October he paid the penalty for plundered homesteads, coach holdups and bank robberies—he was tried, convicted and hanged. Today coaches speed along interstate highways, and bicycles, many of which bear the letters B.S.A., make distances neighbourly. Yes, the new B.S.A. Bicycles that are so famous over here. You would like one? Ask your parents to see your local dealer—if you are patient enough he will help you get one.



**BSA** THE  
BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT!

B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., Birmingham, 11.



# BRAN TUB

## REALLY SPORTING

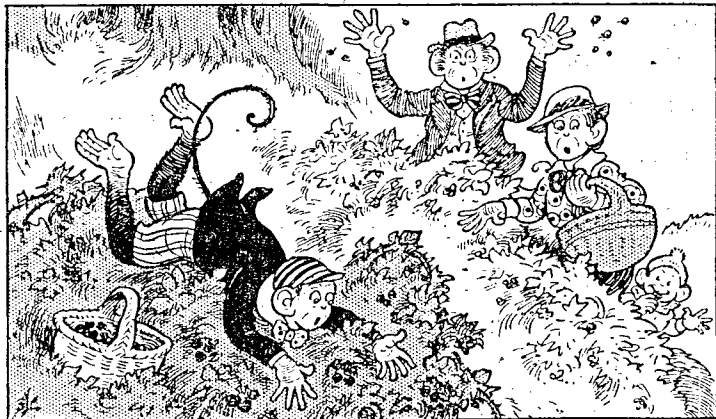
"AND what sort of ties would you like?" asked the shop assistant.

"Show me some cup ties, please," replied the shy young girl with her thoughts on her sportsman fiancé.

## Nature News

CRAB apples are ripening. Green fly on the move, looking out for winter quarters or ready to lay their winter eggs, provide a feast for the great tits who are very useful in helping to keep down this troublesome pest.

## Jacko Goes Blackberrying



THE blackberry season being in full swing, Mother Jacko suggested an expedition along the hedgerows. This pleased Jacko very much, and he forthwith challenged Baby to see who could pick the most. When they came to a particularly fine clump of brambles Jacko saw a great juicy bunch of fruit in the centre of the bush, and in trying to reach it he over-balanced and crashed full length into the prickly mass. "Ha, ha!" laughed Baby. "I can't lose now; you've upset all your fruit into the bush!" It was a sorry looking Jacko who said weakly: "Help me out, please."

## SEPTEMBER'S LOAD

GIPSY, gipsy, what do you bring To the stifling lanes and the dusty hedges?

"Berries red for the birds that sing, And purple flags to the scorching sedges.

But what do I take away? Remember?"

He laughs and says, "Myself—September."

## Beginning of the End

HE who loses hope may then part with anything.

## Sad to Confess

A FELLOW I know called Apollo For weeks was unable to swallow,

And he sadly confessed, When he thumped on his chest, It was quite unmistakably hollow!

## ONE VERY GOOD REASON

"WHY does a dog hang out his tongue when running?" asked the kindergarten mistress.

"To balance his tail," said the bright new boy.

## FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

The Clever Partridge. The bird fluttered forward, just out of Don's reach; by its mottled brown plumage, Don knew it was a partridge.

"Must be hurt," he thought. Again and again he tried to catch it, but each time the bird eluded him. Finally it disappeared completely.

"The partridge wasn't hurt, Don," said Farmer Gray, after hearing Don's story. "You were close to a brood of young partridges; that is the way they protect their family. All the time they're acting as though hurt they're leading you away from their young ones."

What an intelligent bird.

## Facts About the Panama Canal

Cut through the Isthmus of Panama, it is about 50 miles long.

It divides the continent of America in two, connecting the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

An early French attempt to build the canal failed.

In 1904 the United States Government took on the work.

It was opened to traffic on August 15, 1914.

The cost was 75 million pounds.

It has 12 locks.

The depth is 45 feet and the width, except in the locks, is at least 300 feet.

## A Wonderful Pet

THERE was once a man of Samoa

Who had as a pet a jerboa, And he said, which we doubt, When the creature went out, That it galloped and swam to Alga!

## THE EASY WAY

"YOU describe in your books magnificent baronial halls and castles, and yet you had built for yourself this plain little house," said the visitor. "Why?"

The author smiled sadly.

"Just because bricks are dearer than words."

## Children's Hour

Here are the programmes for the BBC broadcasts from Wednesday, September 6, to Tuesday, September 12.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Playing Together, a Northern Young Artists Programme with a difference. 5.55 Children's Hour Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame, arranged as a dialogue story—Part 8. The Return of Ulysses. 5.50 Songs from America.

FRIDAY, 5.20, The Incredible Adventure of Miss Moon, a new mystery serial by Tudur Watkins—Episode 2, The Mystery of the Priory.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Variety, with Ivor Dennis and Alan Paul at two pianos; Impressions by Edith Delaney, Stanelli, and others.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Queer Pets of the 8th Army, a talk by Signalmán K. T. (Dusty) McGarry, specially recorded in Italy. 5.30 Choral Exchange—Children of St John's Grammar School, Hamilton, exchange songs with a Northern Choir.

MONDAY, 5.20 Boots and Shoes, a nonsense story written by Tony Galloway and told by Mac; followed by a Talk about music; and David Seth-Smith, the Zoo Man.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Nothing in the News, a radio sketch of some of the work of RAF Bomber Command.

## SUCH A SURPRISE

THE hat went round the crowd and came back empty. The street-corner entertainer gazed at it with disgust.

Then a smile lit his face.

"What a lucky chap I am," he said. "Fancy getting my hat back from a crowd like that."

## Other Worlds

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning

Saturn is in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7.30 a.m. BDST on Sunday, September 10.



## A Trick Needing Practice

BALANCE a penny on the edge of a glass. Then hit the part of the coin which overlaps outside with one finger and catch it before it touches the table.

Easy, did you say? Yes, with practice, but few people ever do it the first time or even after several attempts. Try it on your friends and see.

## SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER, the first month of autumn, is named from the Latin word *septem*, meaning seven, which is, of course, wrong. Before Julius Caesar altered the calendar the year began with March, so that September was the seventh month instead of the ninth.

## A Mixed Bag

ALL sorts of things and weather Must be taken in together To make up a year.

## P C Brownie

THE kitchen-garden Brownie tramps

His round on solid feet, And scares away the Beetle Boys Who play upon his Beet!

## WHY IT RAINS

THE air contains invisible water vapour. If water is spilt on a hot day it quickly dries up. It has been turned by heating into vapour, and has passed into the atmosphere. This is called evaporation.

The surface layers of water are always evaporating slowly or quickly, according to the temperature of the air. When air is dry and hot it takes up vapour quickly and holds a great deal. When it can hold no more it is said to be saturated, or to have reached the saturation point. If the temperature of saturated air is lowered, it must part with moisture till it reaches the saturation point of its new temperature. This unwanted moisture falls as rain.

## Ancient Relic

"ABOUT two million years ago," remarked the professor, "this land on which we stand was the bed of an ocean."

"I'm not surprised to hear that," said a dear old lady. "The earth is still very damp."

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

R	I	M	V	I	T	A	L	A	C	U	R	I	O	S	
I	M	I	T	A	T	E	A								
D	A	D	O	E	P	I	C								
G	P	U	M	I	C	E									
P	I	T	S	D	I	D									
E	N	A	M	E	L	C									
N	E	R	O	I	S	L	E								
A	D	R	O	P	P	E	R								
L	A	Y	E	R	A	S	A								

A Curious Creature  
Glass, lass, ass

Jumbled  
Shakespeare

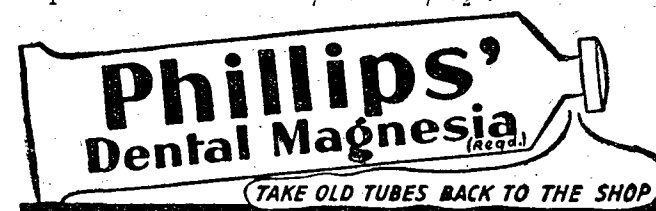
Bassanio, Touchstone, Petruchio, Polonius, Oberon, Cordelia.

# His teeth need YOUR care—

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.



The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour. 1/1d. and 1/10 1/2d.



\* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



## Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.